Always Tip Your Vampire
By Yu May and JezebethNoir

Ninian Graf groaned as she thumbed the pages of her textbook, *An Introduction to Cryptodemonology.* As a half nymph, Ninian could never look *not* beautiful, even when it was obvious she had been up all night and her snow-white white hair was a hot mess. Ninian adjusted her Clark-Kent-style glasses and tried to focus on the paragraph in front of her, which she must have reread three times by now.

“Clerical errors while scripting Holy Code for proper anti-daemonware security measures can result in cyber-demonic possession, and even death. By corrupting an operating system, the cyber-demon can use the victim’s screen as a Black Mirror, allowing them to transform the reality of the victim into a perpetual state of half-nightmare. Statistics consistently show that precisely 66.66% of terminal cases of doom-scrolling are directly caused by cyber-demonic activity. It is therefore the noble obligation of the Clerical Coder to master the principles which guide the Celestial# Holy Coding Language.”

Ninain’s concentration was broken when she heard her neighbors through the thin walls. Either they were still practicing a mock virtual-battle with a beast with two heads for Paladin P.E., or they were taking a break to summon a beast with two backs. Even when things quieted down at campus for mid-term week, studying the arcane liberal arts was always a noisy endeavour.

Ninian craned her neck to peek out the window, and behind the skyline, she could just make out a pale crescent moon surrounded by misty, navy blue clouds. Perfect! She’d already skipped lunch to study, and it was already dusk.

Groaning, she pressed against her eyes. For a seminal text on the magical art of protecting souls from cyber-demons crawling out of the darknet to hunt for prey on the mortal plane, her school book made for surprisingly dull reading. In desperation, she stuffed a comic book between the pages of her textbook, *Smokin’ Hot Demon Spankers* #101, and re-read it for the thousandth time. She’d learned the trick of hiding a comic book in her text book from her dad’s stories about surviving Wizardry West State College, but Ninian never actually used it to read forbidden material in class. She just liked to pretend she was actually reading her textbook.

As her stomach growled, Ninian pouted, glancing at the old pizza box that held the crusty, crumby remains of last week’s survival rations. Nothing edible. As she closed the box, she examined the cartoony art of the heroic band of Anti-Vampiric Crusaders who decorated every box of Hella’ Holy Pizza. The restaurant chain was owned by a wealthy family with religious devotion to Tyr. Every box proudly proclaimed their company mission: “To Deliver Pizza on Earth, and Goodwill Towards Demi-men!”™

Ninian sighed. When she was a kid, the cartoons and comics always made it seem like fighting demons would be a life of constant adventure: making best friends forever, forming hilariously stupid love triangles, and spanking an assortment of colorful, evil creatures into submission with

various holy implements. But the reality of earning a Bachelor's Degree in Anti-Demonology fell far short of her childhood dreams.

She turned the page of her comic to the climactic battle where the Smokin' Hot Demon Spankers pounced on the harem of virtual succubi, moments before the voluptuous fiends could entice a hapless netstalker into trading his immortal soul for the chance to "Slay them with his mighty sword." The comic ended with the rag-tag group of heroes merrily slaying the virtual succubi with their mighty swords, for free!

Ninian rubbed her temples. Why, oh why, had she wasted so much time getting wasted at the Bacchanalian Fraternity of Satyrs' drinking parties? Well, she sort of knew why. As she started freshman year, Ninian wanted to concentrate on her studies, but her roommate had insisted the frat parties were the best place to meet cute boys. In between playing various party games with names that are unmentionable in polite society, Ninian had gotten plastered and agreed to play a strip tease game.

Normally, Ninian was extremely careful not to dress immodestly. As a child, her mom had warned her that a nude nymph could accidentally kill someone with her dazzling beauty, or at least drive men mad with lust. Ninian wasn't sure if it worked the same way for half-nymphs, or whether Mom had been stretching the truth, but Ninian had never dared to take the risk of testing the idea before. It had taken over three drinks for her to listen to the Satyrs' suggestion that Ale Pong is way more fun when you play it butt naked. Whether or not Ninian really could kill a man with a single wardrobe malfunction, the Satyr's didn't seem to mind her nudity.

After that, most of the night was a blur, but she clearly remembered her Mom and Dad coming to find her, while she was crouching naked to puke into a toilet. They'd caught her red-handed and bare-butted. Already furious about her slipping GPA, Mom and Dad had announced for the entire world to hear that Ninian had a long, hard, bare-bottom spanking coming as soon as they got home.

With a furtive glance back at her buttocks, Ninian held it gently. She didn't have to be a Divination Studies major to know that if she bombed next week's midterm exam, there would likely be a round two of parental spanking in her future. And when your dad is a Wizard of the Avolonian Online School and your mom is an eternally beautiful Nymph of the Department of Forests and Recreation, you do *not* want to piss them off enough to resort to corporal punishment.

After the nudist drinking party incident, Dad had enchanted a series of rods, each with a different spell of chastening, to administer Ninian's very first caning. He'd only used the first cane, which was augmented by a simple heat spell, and promised her the rest would be even worse.

Nininan wasn't sure how it was physically possible to top having her buttocks scorched by invisible flames with every blistering stroke of the cane ("Six of the best instructors" in Dad's

words). Sure, Dad had carefully crafted the cane with healing magic to make it incapable of doing any permanent damage, but from her butt's perspective, that just made the prospect of another caning much, much worse.

Just like how second-degree burns hurt more than third-degree burns, a magical caning could last much longer than a regular, old-fashioned caning, and the bottom never numbed to the stinging.

In contrast to Dad's more technical approach, Mom had simply hauled Ninian to the local state park, which doubled as her ancient grove. After procuring a bundle of stinging nettles, Mom had gifted them with eternal vitality, so that they would never wither. Just brushing stinging nettles against bare skin was enough to instantly produce a stinging sensation, akin to a thousand small wasp stings.

But after Mom had spent ten minutes whipping the nettles across Ninian's bare ass, Ninian had been reduced to a sobbing mess, and left with an angry red rash that burned continually. In fact, the nagging rash had stuck with her for over a month, right up until the day Ninian had finally nailed her retake on her last exam, only for the rash to instantly vanish the moment she'd turned her work in for grading. Ninian's mother had a real knack for finding enchanted trees and plant life, excellent resources for making both healing herbs and tools of chastisement.

Both the rods and the bundle of stinging nettles were now displayed prominently on her dorm room wall, with an inspirational quote: *Vincit Qui Se Vincit*. A not-too-subtle reminder that if Ninian failed to discipline herself, her parents were more than happy to help her. A fraternity paddle hung underneath the display, sent by the Satyr frat boys as a form of apology. It bore the traditional Greek letters for the Satyr Fraternity: sigma, epsilon, and chi: "ΣEX."

Ninian closed her text book and stared vacantly at the empty half of the dorm room. She'd been so excited to get to room with her bestest-friend-forever from highschool: Tituba "Titty" MacEndoor. Titty was the mirror-opposite of Ninian in appearance: while Ninian was tall and slender, a snowy-haired Sylvian geek,Titty was of average height and curvy, a raven-haired Cyber-Goth punk. But their shared interest in comics had brought them together at Holy of Holies High School.

But to Ninian's disappointment, Titty had gone into Feminist Arts and Witchcrafts Studies, which was considered the program for mediocre students who couldn't cut it for the Alchemistry department. They had almost no classes together, nor overlap in their academic interests…but it had still been nice to have a familiar face around.

Tity had spent most of her evenings playing HexBox666, complaining constantly of how her Holy Cleric parents had spanked her for hexing her school teachers while she was growing up. And after months of ignoring Ninian's gentle nudges about doing her homework and getting a good night's sleep, Titty had finally flunked out.

Ninian felt her palms sweating as she examined Titty's empty bed. When Titty's parents had arrived, they'd politely, but firmly, asked Ninian to leave the room, so they could have a private word with their daughter. Her curiosity piqued, Ninian had surreptitiously started recording on her desktop webcam, before exiting the room. It wasn't that Ninian *knew* what was going to happen, and wanted to immortalize it. It was only that she was a bit annoyed with Titty that day…and eager to see *exactly* what kind of scolding Titty had in store for her.

And sure enough, the moment Ninian had left the room, she overheard the tell-tale sounds of parental lecturing, before Titty escalated it to a furious argument… Ninian had lingered by the door, until she finally heard it: Titty's roars of protest, followed by the unmistakable sound of crisp slaps as something hard smacked against plump, meaty flesh, followed by Titty's howls of agony.

Ninian had stood immobilized by the door. The steady "Clap! Clap! Clap!" had carried on relentlessly, contrasting with Ninain's wild cries, and erratic pleading. On and on and on it went, until every last trace of sass and defiance was long gone from Titty's broken voice.

When the MacEndoors emerged from the dorm room, Titty's face was stained with running mascara, and she winced with every step as she carried her things in a cardboard box. Mr. and Mrs. MacEndoor had apologized to Ninian on behalf of her daughter for any distraction she may have caused her this year, and Titty had stuttered and stammered her way through a stumbling apology of her own.

Then they had led a downcast, whimpering Titty to the mini-van, covered with bumper stickers advertising the Church of Justice and Mercy ("Honk if You Love Tyr!"). The last Ninian had seen of Titty was her dissolving into soft weeping in the back seat, before she was driven away, and back to her new life, the same as her old life, still under her parent's sacred authority.

When Ninian had raced to check her recording, she was both pleased and horrified to discover she'd captured everything. Ninian had felt like a heel while watching the footage of her best friend getting the spanking of her life, bare-butt and all, but Ninian watched the video over and over again, with a strange sense that if she wasn't careful, she would be next. "There, but for the grace of the Gods, go I."

Ninian had crept on Titty's SpaceBook page, offering support and sympathy, but also eager for more tidbits. Titty was now working as a delivery girl for a Hella' Holy Pizza joint.

…And Ninain couldn't help but notice how Titty had recently deleted her long internet history of screeds complaining about religious fundamentalist parenting styles and the problematic history of the Paladins of Tyr.

Ninian suspected she knew the reason for Titty's change of attitude in online discourse: the illicitly recorded video had made it clear that Titty's spanking at the dorm was only the beginning. Ninian was sure that, since flunking from Feminist Arts and Witchcrafts Studies, Titty

had started a new chapter in life: the life of a well-behaved, obedient church girl, in a pious household which honored the teachings of Tyr, including the use of corporal punishment as a tool of discipline to guide wayward children.

With a nervous glance at the door, Ninian made her way over to Titty's former bunk bed, and lay on her stomach across it, precisely as she had watched Titty lie across it in the video. Shivering, Nininan bared her own buttocks, stroked it with both hands, then delivered a series of love taps to her own butt-cheeks, lecturing herself furiously. "Quit procrastinating! Do your assignments! Do you want to end up stuck working a dead-end job in a fast food joint forever? Then *apply* yourself!"

Having grown up in a fervently Lawful-Good religious family, Ninian was rather naive when it came to the kinky side of punishment and discipline. For Ninian, spanking was simply a fitting punishment for naughty little nymphs like herself who procrastinated on their homework, or a gentle form of motivation to encourage her to be the best she could be.

"Yes…" thought Ninian, as she stroked her buttocks. *"...This is just a way to self-discipline, nothing else."*

Although she didn't have the heart to spank herself very hard, the sound of the spanking was still real enough for it to help her subconsciously slip into a vivid daydream.

After she finished "spanking" herself for her lack of effort in school, Ninian quickly fixed her clothing and returned to her desk. She had to be careful. If an R.A. ever walked in on her spanking herself, and caught a glimpse of her naked buttocks, she shuddered to think what could happen.

Ninian wasn't sure if her being a half-nymph would lessen the effect, or if being seen in a state of semi-nudity was enough to instantly one-hit-hill someone unfortunate enough to catch a quick peep of her posterior, but she preferred not to find out.

Ninian tensed when she heard a thump against the window. *"Huh, must have been a bird or something. I'm over a hundred stories up. Nothing else could reach me up here."*

As she sat back at her desk, Ninian felt her stomach churning. "I am *not* gonna end up working as a pizza delivery girl for the rest of my life."

Then her tummy rumbled. "Hey, wait a minute…where's my pizza?"

She glanced at the clock on her iMirror, then furiously checked her search history. Sure enough, the order had gone through.

With a look on her face that revealed her pure, unbridled "hanger," Ninian called the number for Garlic Gravestone's Pizza Delivery. She usually went for Hella' Holy's Paladin Pizza Pie, but

The Garlic Gravestone started advertising a five-copper-coin pizza deal, and Ninian was a poor college student.

“Yeah, this is Ninian Graf. I have an order for a large, gluten-free, vegan pizza special? My estimated delivery was over an hour ago?”

There was a pause, before an automated voice answered. “...Thank you for calling. You’ve reached our Mechanical-automaton Customer Service Center. Your call is important to us.”

Ninian snarled. “Ugh! Connect me to a person!”

“...If your language preference is for ‘The Common Tongue,’ please press 1.”

Ninian rolled her eyes. “I shouldn’t *have* to press 1 for Common! Where’s my bloody pizza?”

There was another sharp thump, and Ninain jumped. In her peripheral vision, she was sure she saw a dark shape slamming against the window, but as she turned, she only saw a pale hand rapping at the window. A dusky female voice hollered from behind the window. “Hey! Pizza delivery! Lemme’ in, quick!”

Ninian tugged at her ear. The voice was strangely familiar, but she was too annoyed about the delay. “Finally! What took you so long? Don’t expect a big…Titty?”

The moment that Ninian recognized Titty, something else occurred to her: she lived on the hundredth floor of a dormitory skyscraper. Ninian slammed open the window. “Titty! What are you doing out there? Get in, quick, before–”

A black-winged bat smacked against Ninian’s face, and she screeched as only a nymphish girl can screech at the sight of something fanged and hairy. “Squeeeaaaaaah-haaiiiiieeeeee!”

There was a sharp pop, and the bat transformed into a busty young woman with pale skin and black hair, wearing nothing but a red cap and apron decorated with the logo of The Garlic Gravestone Pizzeria. Without looking at Ninain, the woman bent over and rifled through her pizza delivery duffel bag. “Phew, that was close! Anyway, got an order for one large, gluten-free, vegan pizza special, with a side of…ugh…garlic bread?”

Ninian caught a full-moon glimpse of the delivery girl’s buttocks as she lifted herself off the floor and spun around, holding a cardboard pizza box in the shape of a coffin.

Below the logo, a trademarked slogan, “Am I Late? Punish Me!”™ was stamped in white block letters. Then Ninian finally tore her eyes away from the delivery girls’ massive bosoms, and finally recognized her as Titty.

Titty beamed, her eyes closed as she held up the morbid pizza box, before she finally opened her eyes, and did a double take. “Garlic Gravestone Pizza! Either it’s on time, or you can take it out on my...Ninian? What are you doing here?”

Ninian’s mouth was agape. “Tituba? What are *you* doing here? Are your parents letting you come back to school?”

“Huh? Oh, no, I’ve moved out of their basement. I’m finally adulting!”

“What in Tyr’s name are you wearing?”

Suddenly looking sheepish, Titty glanced at her bare backside, which was covered in soft, pink handprint marks. As Titty smiled nervously, her teeth looked strangely sharp. “Oh, this? Official uniform of Garlic Gravestone Pizza. Pay’s a bit better than Hella’ Holy. So, what’s new? Did your butt ever recover from that blistering you got for bombing your first Holy Coding exam?”

Blushing, Ninian covered her backside. “Ugh! Do you *always* have to tease me about how I still get…waittaminnit! What do you mean what’s new with me? There was a bat, and you were hanging outside my window, and…and…”

Ninian examined Titty again, and then it hit her all at once. Titty’s pale skin, the mysterious appearance and disappearance of the bat, the coffin-shaped pizza, and Titty’s prominent, pointed canines. Ninian’s pupils shrank, and then she screamed, and pulled out her necklace which bore the sword and shield of Tyr. “Aaaagh! You’re a vampire! Stay back, undead fiend!”

Titty rolled her eyes. “Ugh, don’t tell me you still believe that superstitious, patriarchal, religious propaganda! Holy symbols only work on, like, Arch-vampires. You know, the kind who’ve sold their soul to a demon or devil or something? I’m *way* cooler than those dorks…I’m a vampire thrall!”

Ninian cowered behind the symbol of her faith, her hand trembling. “Titty? Did some monster do this to you? We’ve got to get you to a hospital! They can cure you!”

Titty blew a raspberry. “Pfft! I don’t *want* to be cured. Being a vampire is great! I’ve got super-strength, I can fly, I’m basically an immortal superhero now!”

Nininan peeped from behind her hand, and as she frowned, she suddenly stopped shivering. “Titty…what did you do?”

Titty’s eyes popped open. “Uh…got a new pizza delivery gig? The initiation ritual was really something! See, we’re big on hiring out of marginalized-magical-monster communities. Ya know, vampires, werewolves, zombies, gorgons, banshees, harpies, nagini. I didn’t wanna feel left out, so I figured–”

“You *let* a vampire bite you? Titty, vampirism is illegal! And how did you even get in here? Vampires aren’t allowed to enter people’s homes, without an invitation.”

Titty held up a finger. “Ah, about that…you kind of gave me permission when you signed the terms and conditions on the app. You *did* read those carefully, didn’t you? And technically, it’s only a felony to pass the vampiric curse along to someone deliberately, but it’s just considered a minor misdemeanour to be out in public while suffering from the symptoms of vampirism. Cops treat it like jay walking. They usually give me a slap on the ass and tell me to get myself to a hospital soon. Pigs! Like, I’m not contagious, what’s the big deal?”

“Pigs? What, you mean, like, orcs?”

“No! I mean *fascist* pigs, you know, like the police.”

Ninian held her face, unsure if she was trapped in a nightmare. “Titty, that’s disrespectful to our noble, duly-knighted Divine Law Enforcement Officers. Look, I don’t know what those loons at that pizza joint did to you, but you clearly need help! Let’s call your parents. Maybe they can–”

“No! I’m never talking to them again. You don’t know what it’s like, Ninian. They’ve gone crazy! They’ve been spanking me non-stop since I got bounced out; put me under this whole draconian domestic discipline system—Well...maybe I didn't mind the spankings so much, but they’re just so *mean* to me—But now I’m free! And with my new found immortality…”

Lightning cracked behind Titty, and as she held her pizza box up high, an organ seemed to play a Hellish melody. “I will serve the Cult of the Gravestone, and devote myself to our dark mission to trounce those Hella’ Holy Paladin Pizza putzes! And once we’ve cornered the market on the urban fast food delivery industry, we will topple this present dystopian system, returning us to an age of chaos and nightmare! Who knows? Maybe, after I’ve worked the night shift for another 500 years, I’ll finally be able to afford a home! Mwa ha ha ha ha!”

Titty laughed maniacally, holding her hand against her mouth daintily, before pausing, and holding out the pizza box. “Oh, that reminds me! Here’s your pizza!”

Ninian’s stomach growled, she blushed with embarrassment, before her face turned beet red with rage. “Huh…uh, oh I guess I should give you a tip for…hold on, you’re over an hour late! You really expect me to pay for this pizza?”

As Titty batted her eyelashes, her eyes became strangely dark. “Oh, Ninian…can’t you spare a nice tip…for an old friend?”

Automatically, Ninian reached for her purse. “Well…I guess we *do* go back…maybe…”

Ninian shook her head, and grabbed her necklace. “Hold on! Was that some kind of dark, magical mind control?”

Titty smiled wide, her sharp fangs glistening. “Nothing so problematic. Merely the power of suggestion. I’m not the Titty you knew anymore, Ninny. I have ascended past the repressive systems of law and *supposed* goodness…aren’t you tired of being stuck in this hamster wheel of a school system, memorizing books so you can spend your life nitpicking code in an office for someone else? Don’t you ever crave…adventure?”

Ninian dropped her symbol of Tyr as her eyes widened. “Yes…action…romance…fighting the forces of…evil?”

Ninian blinked, then held up her necklace again. “Hold on! I know what you’re up to! You’re trying to turn me! I’ll never join you!”

As Titty shook her fist, she seemed to tower high above Ninian, almost reaching the ceiling. “I know you better than you know yourself, Ninny! Your faith in Tyr is already weakening. Search your feelings, you know this to be true!”

Ninian shook her head. “Foul temptress! The light of divine justice and mercy guides my every step!”

Titty licked her lips. “Does it? And what of the frat party? Did Tyr guide your steps when you debased yourself before those lascivious satyrs?”

As she felt a migraine coming on, Ninian clutched her head, wincing. “That…that wasn’t Tyr’s fault. It was mine! That’s not the person I want to be!”

Titty pointed her index finger right against Ninan’s nose. “But that *was* you Ninian! And that was the version of you I like best. Not the ‘goody-two-shoes’ version of you that your *parents* want you to be…but the version of you I used to read comic books with, the kind of comics we had to *hide* from our parents…Don’t you remember how we both wanted to be *Smokin’ Hot Demon Spankers* when we grew up?”

Titty snapped her fingers, and suddenly, Ninian found herself dressed in an absurdly skimpy, leather, dominatrix-style super-hero outfit, right out of the comic books. Ninian blushed, and backed away from Titty as she covered herself. “Titty! Stop this! You know I’m uncomfortable being exposed in public.”

Smiling softly, Titty strutted after Ninian, her bare hips swaying with each step. “Then maybe it’s time for you to *get* comfortable, Ninny…You remember how it was in high school…You know you could never say no to me…”

As Ninian started into the dark pools of Titty’s eyes, she seemed to lose herself in their infinite depths. Of course! There *were* times she found the whole Code of Tyr to be dull and hopelessly

disconnected from the modern world. It really *was* her dream to travel the world in a skimpy outfit, smiting her enemies as an adventurer with the Smokin' Hot Demon Spankers…

…

And then Ninian remembered sitting on her father's lap, with a sore bottom, as he comforted her. She had sobbed onto his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Daddy! I'm sorry! I'm a bad follower of Tyr! I'll do better! I'll never sin again! If you want, I'll become a Cleric! Just don't hate me!"

Dad had patted her on the back. "Oh, honey. Your mother and I don't want you to follow Tyr because *we* believe in Tyr. We want you to follow Tyr because *you* believe in Tyr."

Ninian had sniffled, glancing back from her dad to her mom. "Huh?"

Mom had rested a hand on Ninian's shoulder, smiling so beautifully, it was transcendent. "Tyr teaches us to stand up for truth and justice. To stand against evil, and defend the defenseless. But he also teaches us to show mercy to our enemies, and to show forgiveness to the repentant. We don't want you to become a Cleric of Tyr out of a sense of obligation to us. Do you not want to become a Cleric of Tyr anymore?"

"I…I do! I really, really do! As a Cleric, there are so many ways I can help people! That's the person I want to be!"

Dad had patted her bottom. "And what happened at the party? Is that who you want to be?"

Ninian had hung her head. "No! That was all Titty's idea! I hated myself the whole time I was doing it!"

Mom had waved a finger. "Don't you mind what Titty says. Whatever the reason, *you* still chose to go to that party. And repenting is not about hating yourself. If *you* want to follow Tyr, then remember that he loves you."

Dad had patted her shoulder. "That's right. And if you believe that Tyr loves you, then that means you should love *yourself*, just as he loves you. If you really want to be a courageous champion of the oppressed, the first step is to have the courage to say, 'No,' to anyone who tells you to do something that *you know* is wrong…even if it's me, or your mom."

"What? But…don't I have to obey my father and mother?"

Mom had stroked her cheek. "Of course you should, because we love you. But if I ever tell you to do something you think is wrong, I hope you tell me to go cut a switch so your Dad can spank *me* with it…politely and with all due respect, of course."

"So, to stand up for what's right…I have to stand up for myself?"

Dad had patted her on the head, lovingly. “That’s exactly right, cabbage…”

Ninian had sniffled, and sank into her parents’ loving embrace. “Oh, Mommy…Daddy…”

Her mother had kissed her on the cheek. “...Now, follow me to the grove. We’re going to cut a switch, and finish your spanking!”

Ninian had stiffened. “Huh? But Dad already spanked me!”

But Dad had only looked at her firmly, before patting her bottom again. “I punished you for putting yourself in a dangerous situation at that skeezy party. Your mother still has to deal with you for letting your grades slip. Now, this is important…do you agree you deserve a spanking?”

Ninian had nodded furiously. “Yes, sir. I’ll accept my punishment. But not because I’m afraid of getting another spanking…I want to obey…because *I* think it’s the right thing to do! Just like the Smokin’ Hot Demon Spankers!”

Dad had blinked. “Uh, is that a new adventuring party? ”

Mother had cooed, and pinched Ninian’s cheek. “That’s my girl! …Ooo, maybe I’ll try using *urtica dioica* as a spanking implement this time! You won’t sit comfortably for a month!”

…

With a mighty battle cry, Ninian shook off the effects of Titty’s vampiric enchantment, the holy symbol of Tyr she wore on her necklace glowing with radiant, holy light. Nevertheless, Ninian was still wearing the skimpy dominatrix outfit. Apparently Tyr didn’t mind the costume. “Enough! My soul cannot be corrupted by thou, vile vamp! For I have pledged my soul to a righteous cause!”

Titty howled, and shielded her eyes from the light. “Very well, slave of Tyr! If you won’t listen to reason, then stay trapped in your small-minded world of black-and-white morality. For my part, I shall return to the ranks of my brethren in the Cult of the Gravestone. And once our occultic power waxes, like the full moon, all shall tremble before our might, and finally taste the sweet freedom of destruction…as well as our secret tomato-sauce recipe.”

Ninian snapped her arm to point at Titty’s nose. “Oh, no you don’t, vampiric thrall! For you see, when I downloaded the app, I read all the terms and conditions *very* carefully! If my pizza wasn’t delivered on time, I get to *spank* the delivery girl. Three strokes per minute you were late, and you were over an hour-and-a-half late! So that’s two-hundred-and-seventy strokes you’ve got coming!”

Titty glanced down at her boobs, and suddenly remembered the slogan printed across her apron in big letters, and the lingering marks across her rosy pink backside. Finally, it was the vampire's turn to look nervous. "But–but, Ninny! I'm your friend! Surely, you can give me a break? After all, once I'm late delivering one pizza, even if it's only by a minute, I have to stop and let the customer spank me…which puts me behind schedule for the next order, which means an even *longer* spanking from that customer…which puts me even *further* behind schedule–"

"You made your coffin-shaped bed, Titty. Now lie in it. I thought those Garlic Gravestone advertisements about spanking the delivery girls were just a joke at first, but now I'm seeing the sense in the policy. For the crime of delivering my pizza so late, thine buttocks shall pay the full price of failure! I demand justice!"

Titty shielded her backside with her free hand, her eyes imploring. "Oh, please, spare me! Sure, I don't mind the idea of getting spanked on a regular basis. That's what made this my dream job! But I've already been spanked so much for one day! And getting hundreds and hundreds of strokes for one late pizza? That's way too much for a spanking to be any fun, even for me! If you are a true follower of Tyr, then have mercy!"

Ninian put her fists on her hips, sticking out her magnificent chest. "All right, Titty. I can see your new boss is pretty hard on you. If this is how you want to live your life, I can't stop you. But I *won't* let you push me around, nor demean my faith…nor hypnotize me with occultic sorcery. Just leave the pizza, and get out. Don't worry. I'm not gonna spank you. Tyr teaches us to show quarter to those who plead for mercy."

Titty pouted. "What? No tip? I live on tips!"

Ninian sighed, and opened the door, gesturing to let Titty out. "A tip is a gift, to recognize good service. You don't *deserve* a tip, Titty."

Titty tossed the pizza box onto Ninian's work desk, before she stuck her nose in the air and sashayed to the door. "Hmph! Skinflint. Don't worry about next time. We *probably* won't spit in your food."

At the last moment, Ninian grabbed Titty by the arm. "On second thought, Tyr also teaches us to smite the wicked."

Ninian reached around to undo the knot in the voluptuous vampire's apron strings, leaving it dangling loose from the front. Then Ninian tugged Titty toward the sofa at the center of the dorm room. Titty blushed, the red in her cheeks contrasting sharply with her ghostly, pale flesh. "Bweah? Please, Ninny! I've already been spanked so much, in just one day!"

"And yet, no more than you deserve. Kneel on the sofa, and bend over the back. Ass all the way up, head low to the ground. I want a clear target."

Titty swallowed as she was guided roughly into position, resting her weight on the palms of her hands against the floor. As she lifted her buttocks, she accidentally revealed a set of scars left by vampiric teeth on either of her butt cheeks. “Oof! …Uh…Bwa ha ha! Very good, do-gooder! I knew I could seduce you to our side after all! Um…if you like spanking so much, there’s a really killer B.D.S.M. scene in the projects. I could introduce you to some dark elves if you’re into that female-domination type stuff?”

In answer, Ninian landed a single sharp clap across each of Titty’s buttocks, then held her hand high. “Silence! I’ll hear no more of thy temptations! If you do not wish to repent, I shall deliver the cleansing fire of justice. First, you will feel the burn of the stinging nettles, an ancient art passed down to me by my…mother?”

As Ninian raised her hand, her palm glowed with warm, soothing light, like a midsummer’s day, and with a spring breeze, a bundle of stinging nettles appeared in her gloved hand. Ninian glanced at her display on the wall, and noticed her mother’s stinging nettles right where she left them. “Huh? Sweet! I’ve never managed to pull that off before! Natural magical summoning has always been tricky for me, and it’s so much worse in the big city…where was I? …Oh, yes, have at thee, harlot!”

Ninian whipped the nettles across Titty’s buttocks with enough force that it would have stung a bit all by itself, even before the thousands of sharp, toxic hairs that covered the plants did their work. Titty smiled as she felt the initial impact, only for her eyes to start bugging as she discovered what it feels like to get a thousand micro injections of the chemical histamine to the behind. “Fffwwaaah-ha-haaaaaa!”

Ninian delivered five more lashes with the nettles, before pausing, giving her victim time to feel the full effects of the poison. “That’s six lashes for two minutes of tardiness. Are you starting to regret your vile villainy, vampiric thrall?”

Titty twisted to flash a middle finger at her tormenter, nearly losing her balance. “Oh, fuck you–hoo-ops! You’re so holier-than-thou! But you’re just reinforcing the capitalistic system of oppression that helps to dehumanize the demi-human communit–teeeee?–Heeeeyaaaaaiiiiiiii!”

Ninian delivered another six strokes, and waited. Sure enough, Titty’s initial shout of surprise morphed into a bat-like squeal of agony. “Biiyaiiieeeeek! Oh, ho ho!”

As she watched Titty squirm, Ninian considered her battle strategy. The strength of the nettles lay in their pure stinging quality, despite their lack of weight…but she also felt a small degree of sympathy for her old friend. After all, Ninian’s parents might have spanked her, but they also believed a champion of Tyr must temper justice with mercy. Ninian sighed. “That should do for a warm up. Are you at least sorry for trying to hypnotize me into joining your pizza-joint-based occultic network?”

Titty twisted to throw up another middle finger, using her other hand this time. “Bite my ass! I don’t care what you, or anybody else, thinks of me!”

Ninian narrowed her eyes, and strode around the couch to reach her work desk. “Oh, really? Let’s put your resolve to the test. The best way to fight evil…is to expose it.”

Ninian adjusted her laptop so that the webcam was pointed straight at Titty’s face, and loaded the Harmony app, the preferred text and video chat platform for champions of law and goodness.

Titty’s eyes popped open as she saw the mirror image of her face on the screen, and a recording symbol. “Ninny? What are you up to? There’s nothing in the terms and conditions about this!”

“The terms and conditions say that *you* have to keep your bare ass in position until I’m finished with you…and we’re not even a tenth of the way done.”

Titty smirked. “I know your game, Ninny. You pretend to be a perfect little church girl, but you plan to save that recording for later…so you can enjoy it, in secret!”

Ninian strode back to the opposite side of the couch. “There’s nothing secret about it. And I’m not just recording. I’m livestreaming. The sight of your bare buttocks being thrashed shall serve as an edifying moral guide to all our classmates, reminding them of the painful price of perdition!”

Titty opened her mouth, then closed it, then opened it again. “...Bwuh?”

Then, a storm of hearts, likes, skull emojis, and comments started flying across the screen, and Titty suddenly remembered. Of course, Ninian was the admin for the most popular online study group on campus! Even the jousting-team jocks used to beg her for an invite!

At that moment, Titty felt a fresh stroke of the stinging nettles, and howled.
“Buh–buh–Blaaaaaauugh!”

Waiting about four seconds between each blow, Ninian aimed another set of six strokes across the center of Titty’s plump bottom, before changing her tactics. The sting of *urtica dioica* is felt most keenly with the first touch, and even though her blessed Nettles of Stinginess were far sturdier than regular nettles, Ninian wanted to use them to their full effect…so she found new spots to aim for.

First, Ninian kept the same slow-but-steady rhythm for her next set of strokes, but tried aiming her arm back and forth in a smooth motion, covering the far sides of Titty’s butt cheeks, first to the left, then to the right. Titty was still reeling from the rash left by the last set of six, only to feel

a fresh sting rising along the sides of her wide, child-bearing hips. “Kiiyaa! Kyah! Keeeyaaaaiiieeee!”

The pauses were *just* long enough for Titty to feel both the lash and the rash, but not long enough for her to catch her breath, and certainly not long enough for her to start arguing. Titty couldn’t do much beyond wail and squirm, but nevertheless, she managed to hold herself in position resolutely.

Then, Ninian aimed the next set of six strokes along Titty’s upper thighs, landing each blow just before the last. The results left Titty with a fairly even, reddish rash that covered the central region of her bottom, surrounded by mottled pink rash that covered the rest of her hindquarters and upper thighs. The gradual shift in color from red to pink to pale white couldn’t have been more even if it was painted by a master.

Finally, as Ninian paused, Titty caught her breath. “Okay, okay! I get it! No more hypnotism, and no more delays in your pizza deliveries ever again! You have my word!”

“That was only thirty-six strokes, Titty. We’re not a third of the way done yet...but at least we’re over half-way done with the nettles.”

“What? That can’t be true! You’re not counting them right.”

Ninain held a hand to her heart, sending a jiggle through one of her perfect breasts. “As a champion of truth, I speak no lie! …Truth be told, I also gave you a slap with my hand for your cheek, but that doesn’t count toward your total. The terms as written by your dark masters give me some leeway to deal with an obstinate vassal. Don’t you see, Titty? The forces of evil *promise* you freedom, but deliver you nothing but suffering!”

Titty threw up two middle fingers, allowing her head to sink dangerously close to the carpet, and forcing her ass to rise dangerously high toward the ceiling. “Aw, shaddup! Angels, fiends, both sides are basically doing the same shit if you think about it. At least my *new* friends don’t bore me to death while they beat my ass!”

Ninain answered another stroke with the nettles, right across both of Titty’s lower buttocks. Thanks to Titty’s struggling, she’d accidentally exposed the pale white sit-spots, previously hidden underneath the puppy fat of her plump posterior before it was stretched taut by her new angle. Titty noticed immediately. “Yeeooowwwiiiieeeee-hee-heeeeeek!”

Titty quickly clawed at the back of the couch, struggling to keep from flopping forward onto her face, while also trying to twist her buttocks to hide the sensitive spots from her tormenter, but she didn’t act fast enough.

In fact, Ninian’s timing couldn’t have been better and Titty’s timing couldn’t have been worse.

The moment Titty bucked, then reared, to lift herself back up onto the sofa, Ninian landed the second stroke across Titty's sit-spots. This meant that as Titty arched her back, her plump lower butt-cheeks caught the full brunt of the nettles, practically *biting* into the toxic needles from above and below. Then Ninian ripped the nettles across her target as she followed through on her swing.

Titty's eyes popped, and as she howled, she shot her head up so fast, her red apron went flying up along with her. The red fabric flopped against her face, revealing her hefty, flopping breasts to the webcam. "Bwaaaauuuufff-thooo!"

Ninian paused, briefly looking sympathetic. "Oh, Titty! This won't do. If you flail around like that, you might hurt yourself! We need to put you in a better position, so it's easier to hold still."

Titty spat out her apron, then tore it off her head, knocking off her red hat along with it. "Hold still, my ass! I don't gotta do a word…you…say?"

As Titty twisted to glower at Ninian, the blaring artificial light seemed to illuminate Ninian's head like a halo. Ninian's eyes sparkled, as if reflecting stars, and an angelic choir seemed to herald her words. "Now, Titty, you know you've been a *bad* pizza-delivery vampire girl. That's why you're getting spanked, and you're going to get every stroke you agreed to when you signed this devilish employment contract. Now, stand up, get a good grip on the couch, and straighten your legs."

Tittyy's eyes shone as she took in the radiant half-nymph's beauty. It was…unnatural. Strangest of all was the contrast between Ninian's revealing outfit, and her apparent lack of concern for it. It was as if Ninian was so *good*, she no longer felt any shame about her body. Completely enchanted, Titty didn't even notice as her feet touched the floor and her back arched to present her bottom as an inviting target. Titty's body obeyed of its own accord.

Then Ninian patted Titty's buttocks playfully. "That's more like it. I'd say you were a good girl, but we both know that's not true. You're hanging out with a bad crowd, Titty, and they're dragging you down to their level!"

Titty stiffened as she felt the love-taps, snapping out of her trace. "Huh? How did–"

Ninian aimed a third stroke across Titty's sit-spots. Titty screeched, digging her fingernails into the couch cushion, but as she spotted herself on screen for the livestream, Titty discovered to her horror that she *couldn't* let go. Ninian silently delivered the next set of strokes in a steady pattern. This time, she started at the very uppermost portions of Titty's meaty hindquarters, and slowly traveled down, concentrating only on areas she hadn't already covered with an angry, red rash. Tity wanted to shout every curse and profanity she could think of, but as she reflected on the image of herself on the screen, and the stern face of Ninian behind her, Titty couldn't help but want to hold still.

By the time Ninian had delivered another twelve strokes, she had covered the entirety of Titty's bottom and upper thighs with the rash. Titty trembled, but stayed in place, holding both her head and her bottom high. Nininan hummed as she examined her work. "Hmm, next I will cover your calves. Be careful not to kick."

Titty scrunched her face. "My…calves? What calves? I only have to drink cow's blood on Thursdays?"

Ninian's only response was to whip the nettles across the meaty muscles of Titty's calves. Titty sucked down a breath, but managed not to scream. To Titty's surprise, although the stinging rash had gotten much, much worse, it has somehow also gotten easier for her to endure it. Now that Titty had time to think about it, the sting was more agonizing in one way, but also less severe than a simple hand spanking in another way. And then, it hit Titty all at once: the sting was only skin deep.

Ninian patted Titty's bottom to get her attention. "Only six strokes left to go…with the nettles anyway. Back up on the couch, and feet apart."

Titty pouted. "Ninny? Pwease, don't do this to me! It's not my fault I'm late! We get *way* more orders on weekends. There ain't nearly enough delivery girls to handle them, but management just doesn't care! The Garlic Gravestone thinks us getting spanked is good for our bottom line!"

"You knew the job was dangerous when you took it. It's your own fault for joining a batty vampire cult, so it *is* your fault you're late."

Titty's lip trembled. "But…but…"

"Butt *up* on the couch. Then spread your legs, as wide as you possibly can."

Titty's mouth tightened as she noticed she was already starting to obey. "Huh? Why do you want me like this?"

Ninian pulled Titty's ankles to spread her legs even wider, until she was practically doing the splits on the couch, then angled Titty's hips upward. "I missed a spot."

Titty hugged tight to the back of the couch, feeling a sudden chill. "Missed a spot? Which–"

Ninian whipped the stinging nettles down vertically, aiming for Titty's asshole. But the poisonous needles managed to catch most of the inside of Titty's butt crack as well. Titty screamed the last word of her sentence "–One!?!"

Ninian smiled brightly. "Oh, good idea, Titty. Count the last six lashes with the stinging nettles. Don't lose track, or I'll start over!"

Her eyes popping, her knees trembling, Titty gripped to the couch and when she felt the second stroke, she bellowed. “Twooooooo!”

Just as Titty began to feel the rash rising along the inside of her butt crack and across her anus, the third stroke landed. “Threeeeeee-hee-heeeeeee!”

Casually, Ninian folded the nettles on themselves, and gripped them as if she were about to deliver a belting. This gave Ninian the added control she needed to aim one stroke each at the two pale spots below Titty’s ass-hole, first left, then right. Titty sucked in her breath, and held it, as she felt the rash crawling to cover every last inch of her nether regions.

Finally, Ninian aimed an upward vertical stroke, catching Titty just beneath the asshole. Titty struggled to contain her last screech, before it exploded out of her lungs. “Yoooooo-hooooo! …Ooooh! By Kanchelsis’ bloody taint!”

Ninian whistled as she strolled to hang up the stinging nettles. “Phew! That will do for the first part of your spanking. Good job keeping count, Titty. Now we’re about a quarter of the way through!”

Titty whistled as she felt her rash start to throb, before she did a double take. “There’s…still more?”

Ninian collected her father’s collection of magically enchanted Rods of Chastisement. “Yeah, approximately seventy-five percent more. I can see why you didn’t go into alchemistry. You’ve no head for fractions. There are five of these canes, so I think I’ll give you twenty of the best with each of them, to get an even hundred.”

Clutching her buttocks with both hands, Titty shook her head wildly. “Nooooo! I can’t take any more!”

“Don’t sell yourself short. You took the nettles surprisingly well. Of course, they only scratch the surface. A cane has plenty more *heft* to it.”

“You’re mean! You think torturing me is going to prove how good you are? If you were truly a follower of Tyr, you’d protect innocent victims like me from our corrupt, sanguivoriphobic political system!”

Ninian tested the weight of the first cane with a practice swing, which left a thin trail of flickering flames following the arc of each motion. “Just curious, Titty, what *exactly* would have happened to me if you managed to hypnotize me into joining the ranks of The Cult of the Gravestone?”

Titty glanced down at her titties, then glanced back up at the ongoing livestream on Ninian’s laptop, and suddenly realized she was still completely naked. “Um…we’d have fed you

delicious, crematorium-baked pizza, made only with fresh, all-natural ingredients? Maybe offer you an entry-level job, with competitive rates?"

"And once you had me all fattened up…might one of your friends want to take a bite out of me?"

"Oh, no! We're big on consent! No one would have turned you into a vampire, unless you renounced the path of righteousness of your own free will!"

"And suppose I *didn't* volunteer to work for The Garlic Gravestone? What would have happened to me then?"

"Um…do I have the right to remain silent?"

Ninian flicked the cane to point at Titty's face. "Verily! And you'd better start exercising it! I grow weary of listening to your petulant whining, thou blood sucking nave! For your caning, I shall have you assume your first position again. Bow your head in shame for your misdeeds, and lift your hinderparts high, as an offering for your penance!"

Titty scowled, but nevertheless obeyed. "But…but I'm not sorry at all!"

Ninian tapped the cane against Titty's upturned buttocks. "And neither am I! But don't worry, *you'll* be sorry soon enough."

With a full stroke of her arm, Ninian struck the cane across Titty's already-reddened buttocks, and as healing red fire engulfed Titty's behind, she discovered two things at once:

First, magical healing fire tingles like mad, but it's a pleasant, toasty warm sort of feeling, like warming your butt by the fireplace on a cold winter day. It still *hurts*, of course, but only just beyond the point of tolerance.

Second, the cane stung almost as badly as the stinging nettles, but it also sank deep into her glutes, the whipping motion tracing a thin line across both cheeks. Titty couldn't help but think of a hot knife slicing through butter, or in this case, her buttery buttocks. Titty raised her head to roar, but she kept her hands firmly placed on the floor. "Yeeeooowwwoop!"

Ninian silently carried out the first set of cane strokes, giving Titty about a nine-second pause between each to catch her breath. But as Titty found her second wind, it occurred to her that the slower pace was hardly merciful. In fact, it gave Titty *just* enough time to feel the sensation of each stroke, like a wave reaching its crest, before the next stroke landed. Titty bit her lip so sharply, her vampiric fangs drew blood.

Finally, Titty roared at the laptop. "I will not break! …Yeow! …The pizza-delivery girls of The Garlic Gravestone are dauntless, and we are legion–NOooow! …W-we are the vanguard of the

new world! A world where the streets will be paved red with blood, and/or sweet marinara sauce…Yow! Owowow!"

Ninian rolled her eyes as she delivered the last set of strokes with the flaming cane. "Are they *paying* you to say this?"

"They don't need to pay me! …Yikes! I-I mean, sure, I could sure use a raise, but I'm not motivated by such greedy, capitalistic interests–Yeee-yipe! …Ack! B-becoming a vampire was the b-best day of my life! ….Aiieee-yeeek! Dang, that smarts!"

Ninian silently counted the twelfth stroke, before pausing. "There, I'd say the healing fire has brought your butt back from the brink of destruction. Now I can kick it up a notch."

Titty tossed her hair aside, looking smug. "Ha! Healing your enemy in the midst of a battle to the bitter end? Your naive notions of mercy will doom you, thou pathetic Paladin puppet!"

There was a rush of hot air as the entire cane erupted in fire, before Ninian swung it like a sword across Titty's buttocks. With a squeal, Titty strained her legs, then pumped them wildly, as if trying to swim away. "Aaaaiiiii-cha-cha-chaaaah! It *burns!"*

Titty yowled as she felt each of the next eight strokes, and finally started shedding tears by the last one, which brought the total to twenty. "Baaaw! Bwaaah, buuh-waaaaah! No more, Ninny! This is assault and battery! I'm a helpless victim!"

Ninian set down the first cane, then scooped up the second. "Well, sucks to be you."

As Ninian tapped the second cane against Titty's behind, there was a flurry of snowflakes, and Titty felt a chill wind. "Eh? That actually feels kinda nice?"

Ninian swung the cane with precise force, adding followthrough, and Titty felt an icy frost cutting deep into her flesh. "Aaagh! Not nice! Not nice at all!"

Ninian finished delivering the first three strokes, before pausing to examine the cane. "Oh, sweet, Dad must have infused these with elemental magic. I'll have to ask him to teach me the trick to do that. I imagine this will have a slight numbing effect. Next time, I'll have to try using this one first and the fire rod second. Tell me, how does it feel?"

Titty growled, before the second stroke caught her off guard. "It feels bad! It fucking hurts, okay? …Oooow! Oh, oh-ho no!"

"Don't use the f-word. It just shows everyone you have no class."

Titty winced, then started flipping the birds at the camera, before another icy stroke caught her off guard. "I don't *want* class! The upper-class can kiss my—aaasssss!"

Ninian delivered another ten strokes, before pausing to examine Titty's snow-frosted bottom. "Hmm, it's definitely numbing you. Plus, you'll need some healing fire to avoid frostbite. Dang. I wanted to have an even number of strokes for every cane, but I guess I shouldn't be too persnickety about the number. We'll cut off the spanking with the ice cane early. Just twelve with this one."

"Huh! Ugh, finally! You always *were* a tyrannical, O.C.D. freak about cleaning our room! Totally killed my vibe. Pretty selfish if you ask–"

Ninian caught Titty off guard by spanking her with the fiery cane again.

Titty squealed her favorite word. "–meeeeee!"

After eight cane strokes, the flames had successfully melted the ice, leaving Titty's bottom glistening wet and steaming. Ninian replaced her cane and examined the next in the set. "Hmm…Hephaestus, Boreas… Nice! Dad put divine sigils on all of these so I can tell them apart. He's thoughtful like that…Ah, the sign of Zeus. I think I know what this one does, then."

Titty pointed a finger in the air, then lifted her head to plead with her oldest, dearest, childhood friend. "Okay! It was a hard-fought battle, but you finally wore me down. I admit defeat! Now, we can talk about the terms of my peaceful surrender!"

The moment that Titty raised her head, she saw Ninian winding up with the third cane, before bringing it down with a snap of jagged, blinding light. Of course, there was a cracking sound, as you'd expect from any cane stroke. But there was a sharper, almost buzzing quality to the crack.

As electricity coursed through her buttocks, sending the droplets of water sparking and flying, Titty jolted and felt a tingle travel through her entire body, her hair flying in every direction. It was only after a full second passed that she noticed she couldn't move, and realized she was being electrocuted.

Once, when Ninny and Titty were two-years-old, their fathers had ordered them not to stick her fingers in electrical sockets. So, Titty had dared Ninny to stick her finger in an electrical socket along with her.

Ninian paused as she watched the last of the electricity dissipate around Titty's buttocks with a snap. "Oh, good idea, Titty. I wouldn't want you to kick me by mistake, otherwise I might accidentally get shocked by the electrical current. Don't worry, I won't give you any extras for leaving your first position."

"But–"

Ninian snapped the cane across Titty's buttocks before she could finish. This paralyzed Titty with another zap of lightning, so Titty didn't manage to finish her sentence until the 20th and final stroke.
"—I—don't—want—to—be—nice—I—want—to—be—an—agent—of—darkness—loyal—only—to—my—master!"

Ninian paused for an extra couple seconds after delivering the 20th stroke, before quickly pulling the lightning cane away. "Titty! I'm surprised at you. I thought you were a feminist. Don't tell me you've put yourself under the thumb of some vampire bad boy."

"Hey! Who said he was a man?"

"*You* just did!"

"Well, you shouldn't have assumed! And anyway, he's different! He's not like the other guys! He's exciting, and dreamy, and totally gets how we all live in a society, and deep-down, I know that he's just misunderstood, and needs someone to love him!"

"You used to call me a 'pick-me girl,' just cuz' I once said I wanted to marry a knight in shining armor and be a mom one day."

Titty rolled her eyes, and wagged her head. "Ugh, you're so brainwashed! That's just benevolent sexism! What are you, six-years-old?"

"When I told you that, I *was* six-years-old, and you've been teasing me for it ever since!"

"Just admit you want a wife-beater already!"

Ninian rolled her eyes, and picked up the next cane. "See, this is Junior High Prom Night all over again. You always put words in my mouth! Of *course* I don't want to marry a man who hits me. What do you think I am, some kind of sicko? …Oh, by the way, this next cane was blessed by the power of Thor, God of Thunder. Better rest your head on the couch before I hit you with it. And cover your ears."

Titty scowled as she assumed the correct position, then glanced skeptically over her shoulder. "Thunder? Wait, how's that any different than the last–"

As Ninian struck the cane across Titty's buttocks, there was a literal thunderclap. The sound shook the room, sending Ninian's loose notes flying. If Titty hadn't lowered her head to rest on the back of the couch, she likely would have been sent flying across the room.

Ninian raised the cane high, and bellowed a war cry. "Fus ro *dah!"*

The deafening sounds of the thunder cane were so loud, even Titty's begging and pleading was drowned out. But after twelve strokes, Titty dimly made out the sound of sharp knocking at the door. "–Ow! H-hey, Ninny?–Yowch! S-someone–HAAAOOOW! Someone's at the door!"

Ninian tugged at her ear. "What? Speak up!"

"Ninny! Wear headphones, dumbass!"

"What? I can't hear you! Look, next time I spank you with a cane powered by the might of Thor, God of Thunder, remind me to wear headphones!"

Titty signed the words, then pointed at the door. "Someone's at…the door…you dumbass!"

Ninian clapped Titty sharply across the behind with her open palm. Then she used sign language to answer. "No…swearing…or else…" Ninian signed the word for "spanking" and marched to the door.

As Ninian swung it open, she was greeted by a tall, handsome, square-jawed, broad-shouldered, barrel-chested young man in the Pre-Paladin program, along with a short, goat-legged satyr. The Paladin-in-training took one look at Nininan, and immediately fainted dead away at the sight of a half-naked half-nymph.

The satyr caught his friend with surprising ease, then leered at Ninina. The satyr's voice was strangely reminiscent of the famed bard, Sir Danny of Devito. "Could you keep it down? Some of us are trying to study! What are you two even doing in…oh, hey, Titty. I thought you got suspended. What'd you do? Seduce the Dean to let you back in?"

Still butt-naked, Titty glanced at the ongoing live-stream, and swallowed. "Um…"

The satyr shrugged. "Well, far be it from me to judge. Now, if you don't mind, I'm gonna try to fulfill my boyhood dream to become a gynecologist…which means I need some peace and quiet…Ugh…And I gotta retake that Anti-Sexual Harassment Quiz."

Glancing at the window, Titty slowly crept off the couch and started tiptoeing toward it.

Oblivious to what was going on behind her, Ninian stuck out her chest, smiling broadly. "Fear not, my good goat. We're almost done. Tend to your friend. I fear he may require medical assistance."

"Nah, he's just shy. Give Titty a good slap on the ass, and tell her it's from me. Hey, while I have your attention, would you have any interest in joining a–"

Ninian slammed the door in the satyr's face, then turned to find Titty with her foot on the window sill. "Titty!"

Titty stiffened, then started pretending to stretch. “Ninny! I was just–uh, just stretching my calves on the windowsill. Isometric exercise. Care to join me?”

“Why are you out of your spanking position, Titty?”

In the blink of an eye, Titty zipped back to the couch. “What? Me? Disobey an order from you? Perish the thought!”

“Very well, my friend. I trust you implicitly. Therefore, we may finish your spanking as I originally planned, without adding additional strokes. However, it would be rude to disturb our neighbors. Hmm…I might have an idea. Let’s hope I can make this work.”

Ninian rifled through her desk and found a pair of earbuds. “Here, Titty. Dad’s old noise-canceling headphones. You take one and I take one.”

“Huh? These look so retro. What are these supposed to–”

Ninain put an earbud in her ear, and tapped it. When Titty put hers in, all the ambient sound suddenly vanished.

Ninian fiddled with her ear bud. “See, Titty? They’re Noise-Canceling Headphones. As long as we’re wearing them, we can’t make any noise. But since we’re sharing the same pair, we’ll still hear each other just fine.”

Titty blinked, twice. “What?”

“Are you jerking my chain, or can you really not hear me? Because you’d better not be jerking my chain.”

“I can hear you! I can hear you!”

“So, are you jerking my chain?”

Titty shook her head. “No, ma’am!”

Ninian retrieved the final cane from the bundle of rods, and whipped it experimentally. “Then don’t interrupt. This cane bears the mark of Helios…so this last caning’s going to be a bit rough for you. Knees on the floor, elbows on the couch. You’ll need a steady stance.”

Titty swallowed as she assumed the correct posture. “L-like this?”

Ninian scooped up her laptop, and set it in front of Titty on the couch. “That’ll do. Here, let’s make sure our audience can see your face.”

Titty blinked as she saw the closeup of her face on the laptop, along with the comments flying by. Some were complaining that they wouldn't be able to see anything, but now the chat was starting to come alive as they realized they would have a front row seat for the last part of the caning session. Titty saw comment after comment that echoed her own private fears:

"What's gonna happen next?"

"How could this possibly get any worse?"

"Isn't her pizza getting cold?"

Titty snapped out of her musings as she felt Ninian taping the cane against her buttocks.

Shaking her head, Ninian stroked the cane along her target. "I want you to think hard about how you've been acting today. Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

"Um…it's not my fault? I'm a victim of circumstance?"

There was a blinding light as Ninian whipped the cane across Titty's buttocks. The cane shone with such radiance, Titty had to shut her eyes tight, even despite facing the opposite way from the light source.

Titty flinched as she felt the impact cane, followed by a slow, agonizing burning. "Eeep! ....Aaaaah-ha?"

Titty glanced back and saw a vividly red welt rising along the point where the cane had impacted. As Titty felt it, she realized the rash left by the nettles had been agonizing, but more like an itch than a burn. But *this*…somehow, it burned worse than fire, but without the same heat.

Then, Titty glanced back, and saw Ninian donning a pair of sunglasses, the cane shining like the sun from on high. And as Ninny felt the second stroke of the solar-cane lancing across her hindquarters, she finally put two and two together: it wasn't a cane mark…it was a sunburn!

Ignoring Titty's howl, Ninian tossed a stray lock of hair out of her face. "Nope. Wrong answer. Try again."

Titty curled and uncurled her lips as she felt the third and fourth strokes start to stretch and burn. She had time to appreciate how the heat wasn't quite as bad as the earlier fire, but now there was no healing magic. And as a vampire thrall, Titty sunburned easily. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

Ninian aimed the blinding third stroke of the cane at a downward diagonal angle. “For what? Be specific.”

Titty batted her feet against the carpet, and blinked, trying to make anything out in the blinding white light. “For the late pizza!”

Ninian aimed the fourth stroke at a similar diagonal angle, before strolling to Titty’s opposite side. “I’m not that angry about the pizza. Use your head, Titty.”

Titty seethed, and felt two tears spilling down her face. “I…I’m sorry for being rude to you!”

Ninian aimed the fifth and sixth strokes diagonally across the previous two sunburns, with almost no pause between them, to create a double-X-pattern in red lines across her target. “That’s better. What else did you do wrong?”

“I…I tried to manipulate you!”

Ninian delivered the seventh and eighth strokes at a more horizontal angle, leaving Titty with an even pattern of criss-crossing lines across her buttocks. “Exactly. I thought we were friends, Titty. How could you treat me that way?”

Titty bounced up and down on her knees as she felt the fresh sunburns. “I just wanted you to think I was cool!”

Ninian clicked her tongue. “Tsk, tsk. Do you feel cool right now, Titty?”

Titty forced herself to open her eyes a crack, and could just make out her tear stained face on the laptop screen. Her heavy black mascara was starting to run. “...Noooooooo?”

Ninian tapped the cane across Titty’s behind. “On your feet. Back straight. Hands behind your head.”

Blinking, Titty noticed her exposed breasts and pubic hair on full display on the laptop screen. She had shaved her bush to resemble an inverted pentagram. Ninian placed her left hand delicately on Titty’s belly, and held her close to look her in the eyes. With her right hand, Ninian reached around, and tapped Titty across the back of her upper thighs with the cane. “Anything *else* you want to apologize for, while you’re still in a repentant mood?”

Titty swallowed. “Um, doesn’t that cover pretty much everything?”

Without breaking eye contact, Ninian raised the cane and brought the ninth stroke down diagonally across Titty’s thick thighs. “Aren’t you a *bit* sorry for joining a vampiric cult?”

Titty stiffened, but stood firm. “No! I’m not sorry!”

Ninian landed the tenth stroke just below the previous one. “What about you trying to hook me into joining?”

Titty grit her fangs. “Eep! …In hindsight, I probably *did* ask a bit too much of you, right off the bat!”

Ninian slid behind Titty, gracefully switching the cane to her left hand as she circled to Titty’s other side. “Don’t you think your *first* decision to become a vampire might have had an impact on the *series* of bad decisions you made tonight?”

Titty pouted. “Well sure, but that doesn’t mean I have to apologize for it!”

Ninian landed the eleventh and twelfth strokes across the back of Titty’s thighs, creating another double-X pattern. “So, what you’re saying is: you’re sorry for trying to strongarm me into joining your vampire pizza cult, but aren’t at all sorry for joining the vampire pizza cult yourself in the first place?”

Titty scrunched her face, closing her eyes tight until the blinding sunlight faded. “Pretty much, yeah. It’s my life!”

Ninian towered above her captive, glowering darkly, before she beamed sweetly. “Okay, Titty. I don’t agree with your decision, but I respect that it’s your decision to make. Now, let’s wrap up this caning. Only eight strokes to go! Hold out your hands for me, palms up…Hmm, don’t want to sun-blind you by accident. Here, take my spare pair of sunglasses.”

Nininian reached into her itty-bitty leather dominatrix thong, and pulled out a comically large pair of sunglasses, which she pressed onto Titty’s face.

Titty squinted with one eye as Ninian guided her hands down from behind her head. “Eh? You’re not mad at me for–”

Ninian snapped the cane across both of Titty’s upturned palms, using a precise flick of her wrist. “Tee, hee! Oh, you know I can never stay mad at you for long, Titty. Now, stop clenching your fists, you silly thing. I don’t want to bruise your fingers by mistake.”

Ninian stroked her thumb across Titty’s palms until Titty relaxed her hands and held them up again. “Oooh, oooh, ooooch! B-but, if you’re not m-mad, why do we have to keep–”

Ninain landed a second cane stroke across Titty’s palms, before flipping Titty’s hands to show her knuckles. “We need to be *thorough*, Titty. I can’t stand leaving a job half-done. Next up’s the knuckle cracker. Hey, remember all the times we got the ruler back at Holy of Holies Middle School? I miss those days!”

Titty seethed as she felt the sunburns sizzling across her palms. “Ugh! Why would I want to remember that? I *hated* getting my knuckles rapped!”

Smiling sweetly, Ninian rapped Titty across the knuckles on both her hands. “Me too! That’s exactly what made it such a formative experience.”

Titty’s fingers twitched as she struggled to hold her hands in place. “It *was* a formative experience! The kind that sucks balls!”

Ninian pouted as she delivered the second stroke of the cane across Titty’s knuckles. “Huh. Agree to disagree. Palms up, Titty. I want to switch sides to even out the color.”

“Ugh! Does *everything* you do have to be perfectly symmetrical all the time?”

Ninian shook her head as she switched the cane back to her right hand, and almost danced to Titty’s left side. “Not always. Sometimes I like using the golden ratio.”

Titty grit her teeth, and endured another set of four strokes, two on her palms, then two on her knuckles. By the end of the ordeal, Titty’s hands were as red as her buttocks. Titty took a shaky breath, feeling tears returning to her eyes. In one way, it was a relief to something *other* than her buttocks be the target of Ninian’s ire, but now the only thing distracting her from her aching buttocks was her burning hands and thighs. “Shit! How many more to go?”

Ninian sighed. “Well, that *would* have been it for the caning, but I already warned you about using foul language, so you just earned extras.”

“What? That’s not fair!”

“I know. I really *should* start your spanking over from the very beginning. But don’t worry, I think twelve strokes should suffice for your forgetfulness.”

Titty opened her mouth, then froze. If forgetfulness earned her eight strokes, Titty had a pretty good idea what deliberate disobedience would earn her. “...How do you want me?”

“Hands behind your head again. I think we’ll finish with six strokes across your tits, then six strokes across your thighs. Just obey all my commands, and we’ll get this over with more quickly.”

Titty glanced down nervously at her bare nipples, automatically raising her hands to interlace her fingers behind her head. “M-my titties?”

“Yes, Titty. Hold your head high, and stick out your chest. As long as you’re brave, you have nothing to be ashamed of!”

Glancing at the livestream footage of her nude form, Titty took a deep breath and thrust her chest forward. Ninian aimed the first stroke of the cane precisely across both of Titty's nipples.

Titty howled, dancing in place briefly, before straightening her posture. Though her vampiric curse gave her supernatural strength and endurance, the long spanking was slowly but surely wearing down her resolve. Titty stood firm as Ninian delivered the second and third stroke of the cane, aiming just above and just below Titty's nipples, covering most of the areola. Titty's whole body started to quiver. "Ninny! Puh-leeze! I'll do anything! Just–"

There was a rush of cool wind, and suddenly, Ninian disappeared in a swirl of leaves and flower petals, before reappearing on Titty's opposite side. Ninian glanced around the room, before dancing with giddy, girlish glee. "Hee hee! Omigosh, Titty, did you see that? I've never managed to do that before! Mom keeps saying my Nymphish side is bound to come out eventually. You know, I think I've had an epiphany! Oh, tips up, Titty. Got another three to go from this angle."

As she stiffened, Titty shook her head. "No, no, no! I'm sorry! I'm so–"

Ninian aimed the next cane stroke across Titty's breasts, and after pausing for a few seconds, landed number two and three just above and below her nipples. By the time the sixth and final stroke had landed across her boobs, Titty had started weeping freely.
"Nah-Nah-Niiiiinnn-neeeey! Am'sowwwreeeeeee!"

As Titty felt her knees give out, there was another flurry of wind, and Ninian appeared at her side, helping her settle down into a kneeling position. "Almost there, Titty. Three and three across your thighs. You can do it."

Titty rolled her head back and wailed, sobbing. "Bwwaaaaah! Waaaah!"

Ninian pressed her free hand against the small of Titty's back to support her weight, before delivering three downward strokes of the cane across the front of Titty's fleshy thighs, each crisp blow producing a burst of sunlight. Titty's whole body shook, but as she felt a cooling forest breeze rushing around her, she moaned, and sank her weight back.

In a rush of autumn leaves, Ninian reappeared at Titty's side, and whispered in her friend's ear. "Just three more, dear. Be a good girl."

But as Titty felt the next blow of the cane lancing across her thighs, she melted down. "I'm a bad girl! I'm bad, I'm bad, I'm bad! Bwaaaaaah!"

Ninian finished the third and final stroke, and sighed with relief, brushing a stray leaf away from her hair. "That should do it. Up you get, Titty."

Sobbing and heaving, Titty buried her face against Ninian's chest. "I'm a bad friend! Please, don't take me back to my parents! Punish me all you want, but not that! Anything but that!"

Ninian blinked, before hugging Titty, patting the back of her shoulder. “Why, Titty! Of course I’m not going to force you to go back to your parents.”

Titty glanced up, her face still nestled between Ninian’s breasts. “Wuh? You’re not? But you’re both followers of Tyr! Don’t…don’t you want them to spank me until I become a follower of Tyr too?”

Ninian flashed a minxish, unmistakably fairy-like smile. “To be honest, I’m kind of thinking about switching my major to Druidic Ecology, and becoming a champion of Demeter…or maybe I can multi-class? But I could never be so cruel to you! I’d be happy if you *chose* to honor Tyr, but I can’t force you to honor Tyr…”

Ninian spun around, clinging her friend tight to her chest. Then Ninian stroked her hand across Titty’s cheek. “...And no matter how high my career takes me, I hope we can always be good friends.”

Titty felt two fresh tears in her eyes. “Even…even though I’m a bad girl?”

Ninian reached with both hands to clap Titty’s buttocks, which still glowed softly with radiant, magical light from the caning. “Espescially if you’re a bad girl! Someone’s got to keep your naughty botty in check!”

Titty glanced back, and finally noticed the state of her buttocks. It looked like she had just sat on a waffle iron. Then Titty noticed the laptop, and the endless stream of comments on the livestream. “Guess I’ve got more spanking coming in my future, huh?”

Ninian giggled. “Tee hee! Well, duh! I still haven’t given you your paddling! You’ve still got one hundred good, hard spanks coming!”

“My…paddling?” Titty’s eyes darted to the wall mount, where she finally noticed the heavy, wooden, Satyr fraternity paddle.

Titty grinned wide, her eyes fearful. “Nuh-now, Ninny…as a righteous, lawful champion of Tyr, you really *don’t* have to enforce a vampiric contract! You could–you know–just let me go? Maybe I can send a message to the Cult of the Gravestone that they should never dare to challenge the forces of justice ever again?”

Ninian stroked her chin. “Hmm, you’re right. I don’t *have* to spank you, just because that fiendish employment agreement you signed *permits* me to spank you…But then again…”

With a gleeful smile, Ninian’s eyes narrowed. “...I’ve always thought you could benefit from a good spanking, Titty…ever since we were in kindergarten!”

Titty swallowed a lump in her throat, mesmerized by the dangerous beauty in the half-nymph's eyes. "Yes, ma'am…I will submit to you."

After setting up the laptop at the perfect angle, Ninian instructed Titty to stand behind the couch and bend over, butt toward the camera. Then, Ninian retrieved the wooden paddle, with a spritely skip in her step, and patted it against Titty's plump buttocks. "Okay, legs straight. Arch your back…a little more. Get up on your tip toes…Ah, perfect presentation! Such an inviting target…"

Just as Titty was mentally prepared for her torment to begin again, Ninian fixed her glasses, and turned to face the livestream camera, in nerd mode. "Ooh, by the way, if you're ever going to give a paddling, make sure to have the victim–ah, I mean, the participant–stand in a wide, steady stance. See, for a proper paddle stroke, you've really got to put your *whole body* into the swing, and let the laws of physics do their work! If the spankee doesn't have a solid, martial-arts worthy stance, you could easily go–"

Ninian surprised Titty with the first ferocious stroke of the paddle, swinging it like a baseball player going for a homerun. "Pow!–and send 'em right to the moon! Isn't that right, Titty?"

Titty hissed, too surprised to scream. But with an effort, she held her position. "...Fascinating…I feel like I'm learning so much today…"

As Ninian wound up for the second paddle stroke, thorny vines began to crawl around it. "I should hope so! Now…let's talk about the environmental impact of those pizza boxes…"

As Ninian began to paddle Titty in earnest, the livestream chat erupted with emojis and superchat donations.

Titty yelped as she felt her meaty buttocks flattened like two pancakes, not to mention the prick of the pointed thorns. "Yeowch! Oh, come on! They're cardboard! It's recyclable!"

Ninian swung the paddle at a slightly upward angle, lifting her victim up slightly off her feet. "Nice try! You can't recycle pizza boxes. They're too greasy!"

Titty howled, then hissed as she fought to catch her breath. "Yoooowl! Sssshh…Sure! But they're still biodegradable!"

Ninian patted Titty's bottom with the paddle playfully. "Is that an *excuse* I hear?"

Titty shivered. "...No, ma'am!"

"Good! Then let's have no more arguments, and finish your paddling. Wouldn't you agree?"

Titty obediently arched her back, presenting her bottom with perfect submission. "Yes, ma'am!"

With that, Ninian began the long, hard paddling. There was no more need for lecturing, and Titty gave a heroic display of keeping in position. This meant that Ninian was able to fall into a steady pattern as she delivered the first ninety strokes, sometimes playfully switching sides in a flurry of wind. With each whack, the hefty paddle pressed the raised welts from the caning flat, while the thorny vines left behind a pattern of red-violet pricks, not quite deep enough to draw blood, but enough to stand out from the earlier cane strokes.

Finally, Ninian paused. “All right, Titty, only ten paddle strokes to go, and you will have fully paid your debt for the late pizza delivery…I was taking it a *tiny* bit easy on you until now, but these will have to be the hardest ones yet. I want you to count each of the last ten strokes, and remember to say thank you!”

With a sniffle, Titty nodded, tears dripping down her face. “...Yes, ma’am!”

Immediately, the paddle smashed against Titty’s buttocks with such force, it nearly knocked her over the sofa. Titty flailed her legs, squealing, before climbing back down and reassuming her position. “...One, ma’am! Thank you, ma’am!”

“Try to use your weight to counter the force of the impact. You’ve got a nice butt, Titty, and plenty of it. Use it to your advantage!”

Titty wiped her nose, before lifting her butt high. “Aw, thank you!”

As Ninian delivered the second stroke, Titty pressed her bottom against the paddle, using her whole body weight to hold herself in place. Titty tried her best to endure, but after the ninth stroke, her exhaustion finally caught up with her. Gasping for breath, her knees knocking, Ninian sank her to rest on the back of the sofa. “N-nine, ma’am! Thank you, ma’am!”

“Head up, Titty.”

It took Titty a full six seconds before she could catch her breath, and struggle back up into the position. Immediately, Ninian delivered the tenth and final stroke. The force knocked Titty forward so far, she flopped face-first down onto the couch. Ninian stretched her arms, and wiped the sweat off her brow. “...And, that’s ten!”

Titty managed to choke out a few words in between racking sobs and heaving for air. “Aaaah-guh! …Teeeen….ma’am…..thaaank yoooo….hoooo.”

Ninian scooped up Titty’s red apron and hat. “Up you get, Titty. Let’s get you dressed, and you may be on your way.”

Titty got a glimpse of her throbbing buttocks as she tied her apron strings. Then Ninian reached around to clap Titty’s buttocks, her hands glowing with warm, green light. “There, just a bit of

healing magic…Enough to clean any cuts the thorns may have given you, at least, and to relieve the numbness. Now, you'll be able to feel your bum again!"

Sure enough, as Titty felt the healing magic coursing through her posterior, she felt the same stinging sensation she remembered returning with a vengeance. As she felt her buttocks being squeezed, Titty twisted her hips. "Ooch! Oh, dear! You really don't have to do that!"

But Nininan kept a firm grip on each buttock, kneading them like dough. "Nonsense! It's the least I can do. Can't miss a chance to practice basic healing, now that I've finally got the feel for it. Now, Titty, have you learned your lesson?"

As Titty eyed the bare flesh of Ninian's soft, defenseless neck, she slowly opened her mouth, revealing her vampiric fangs. "Ah…of course! I'll never be late delivering a pizza to *you* ever again…"

But before Titty could decide whether or not she would succumb to the temptation to suck Ninian's blood, Ninian surprised Titty with a final clap across both butt cheeks. Titty sucked down a breath and bounced in place, clutching her bottom. Strangely, it felt much better in one way, and much worse in another way. The deep, dull, dolorous ache was gone, along with the dim knowledge that she would be bruised for weeks. But not that her bottom was "healed," Titty could keenly feel every torment she'd suffered, from the rash of the nettles, to the stipes of the cane, to the marks left by the thorn-covered paddle.

Then, Ninian stuffed a few paper bills (each theoretically worth one iron coin) down the front of Titty's apron, tucking them firmly between her bosoms. "And here's a tip for you: find a new line of work."

As Titty noticed the tip, her mouth hung open. "Huh? But you said I did a bad job with the pizza delivery!"

Ninian folded her arms. "You *did* do a bad job with my pizza, but I'd say you paid your debt for that with the spanking. You may go. I won't turn you over to the authorities."

Titty looked lovingly at Ninian, before noticing her pizza delivery duffel bag. "Bloody meat balls! I still have one more delivery to make! I must be over three hours late by now!"

Ninian opened the door and gestured the way out. "How irresponsible. You'd best get going at once…Oh, and nudity is against the school dress code, so…"

Ninny's hand glowed with green, Nymphish magic, before she surprised Titty with a swat across the behind as she exited. Titty squeaked, and jumped, then looked at Ninian with seductive, bedroom eyes. "Ooo, Ninny? What was that for?"

“Just giving you some proper clothing. It’s a trick my Mom taught me one time. She caught me trying to sneak out of the house wearing a miniskirt. So…you’re getting a new outfit.”

Titty blinked, and glanced back at the glowing, green handprint across her behind. “...Outfit? What out–”

Vines of stinging nettles materialized from the glowing handprint, wrapping tightly around Titty’s groin until they formed a full pair of “booty shorts.” They slowly started to grow longer, creeping down her legs and up her belly like branching fingers. Titty yelped as she felt the immediate burn of the stinging nettles, gripping to her pizza bag for dear life. “Yeeowl! Ninny! Stahp this crazy thiiiiii–”

Ninian slammed the door behind Titty, and locked her out. With a yawn, Ninian stretched, and approached her livestream. “Thanks for joining tonight’s study session, everyone. Remember, it is our responsibility to be the best scholars we can be, so that we can oppose the forces of chaos and evil…”

Ninian grinned as she saw herself on screen, turning slowly to admire her new dominatrix outfit from all sides, and lightly tossed her hair. “...though I suppose a *littl*e chaos doesn’t hurt!”

Ninian closed the livestream, and sat down to study her text book. Maybe Anti-Cryptodemonology wasn’t the right fit for her, but Ninian was sure of one thing: she’d do whatever it took to graduate, and get a good career fighting the forces of evil. Anything to avoid ending up as a pizza delivery girl.

The End?